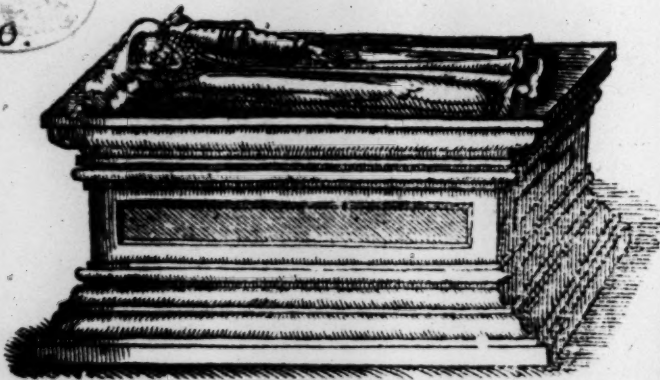


A Godly Song, entituled, A farewell to the VVorld, made by a
 Godly Christian, named Thomas Byll, being the Parish Clerke of West-
Felton, as he lay vpon his Death-bed, shewing the vanitie of the World, and
 his desire to be dissolued. To the Tune of, Fortune my Foe.



Behold O Lord a Sinner in distresse,
 Whose heart is vext with inward heavinesse;
 Remit my finnes my God, and mercie shewe,
 For here I lye in grieffe, perplext with woe,

All flesh is fragile, and brittle like to glasse,
 Mans life like fading Flowers away doth passe,
 My time is come that I from hence must goe,
 When for sweet Jesus sake Lord mercy shewe.

The day and houre is come that I must dye,
 I trust my Soule shall grait ascend the skye,
 Where Saints and Angells ever doe reioyce,
 Singing him praises due with heart and voice.

Oh sinfull Man deferre not thou the time,
 Up Jacobs Ladder Father let me clime,
 Where as thy Angells by and down descend,
 Betwixt my Soule and Bodie at my end.

I must not die neuer to rise againe,
 But I must die for to be freed from paine;
 My Saviour by his death hath bought my life,
 To raigne with him when knisht is this strife.

My earthly spirits saye, my time is run,
 My face is wan, thy Messenger is come,
 A welcome Guest that welcome is to me,
 To heave me hence vnto felicitie.

My Sun is sette, I haue not long to stay,
 But ere the morning I shall see a day
 That shall outshine the splendor of the Sun,
 When to the holy Trinity I come.

He thinks I (casting by my dying eyes)
 Behold the Lord in glozy on the skies,
 With all his heavenly Angells in that place,
 Smiling with ioy to see his cherefull face.

Both King and Kesar every one must die,
 The stoutest heart the sting of death must trie,
 The Rich, the Poore, the Aged, and the Yoke,
 When sickle comes each flower then doth fade.

When World farewell, I see all is but vaine,
 From dust I came, to dust I must againe,
 No humane pomps our life from death can stay,
 When time is come we must forthwith away.

For worldly pleasure is but vauitie,
 None can redeme this life from death I see,
 Nor Cresus wealth, nor Alexanders fame,
 Nor Sampsons strength that could deathes fury tame.

Our Father Adam he for sin did fall,
 Which brought destruction present on vs all;
 But heavenly Father thou thy Sonne didst send,
 As to redeme his dearest blood did spend.

Farewell deere Wife and my soun Children small
 For I must goe when as the Lord doth call:
 The Glasse is run, my time is past away,
 The trumpe doth sound, I can no longer stay.

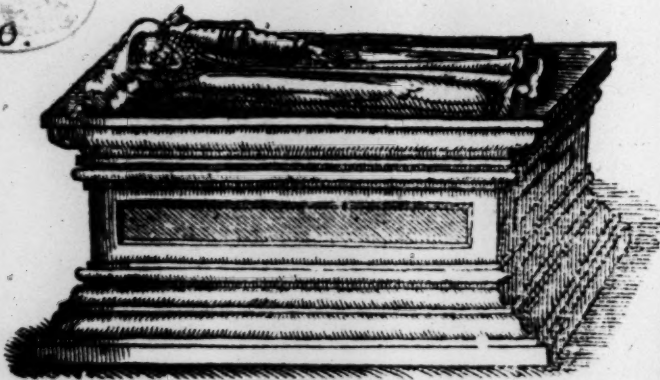
Nothing but one I in this world doe crave,
 That is, to bring my Corpes dead to the grave;
 And Angells shall my Soule in safetie keepe,
 Whilst that my Bodie in the grave doth sleepe.

The Bells most sweetly ringing doe I heare,
 And now sterne death with speed approacheth neare,
 But the Bell tolling doe I heare at last,
 Sweet Lord receive my Soule when death is past.

FINIS.

Thomas Byll.

A Godly Song, entituled, A farewell to the VVorld, made by a
 Godly Christian, named Thomas Byll, being the Parish Clerke of West-
Felton, as he lay vpon his Death-bed, shewing the vanitie of the World, and
 his desire to be dissolued. To the Tune of, Fortune my Foe.



Behold O Lord a Sinner in distresse,
 Whose heart is vext with inward heavinesse;
 Remit my finnes my God, and mercie shewe,
 For here I lye in grieffe, perplext with woe,

All flesh is fragile, and brittle like to glasse,
 Mans life like fading Flowers away doth passe,
 My time is come that I from hence must goe,
 When for sweet Jesus sake Lord mercy shewe.

The day and houre is come that I must dye,
 I trust my Soule shall grait ascend the skye,
 Where Saints and Angells ever doe reioyce,
 Singing him praises due with heart and voice.

Oh sinfull Man deferre not thou the time,
 Up Jacobs Ladder Father let me clime,
 Where as thy Angells by and down descend,
 Betwixt my Soule and Bodie at my end.

I must not die neuer to rise againe,
 But I must die for to be freed from paine;
 My Saviour by his death hath bought my life,
 To raigne with him when knisht is this strife.

My earthly spirits saye, my time is run,
 My face is wan, thy Messenger is come,
 A welcome Guest that welcome is to me,
 To heave me hence vnto felicitie.

My Sun is sette, I haue not long to stay,
 But ere the morning I shall see a day
 That shall outshine the splendor of the Sun,
 When to the holy Trinity I come.

He thinks I (casting by my dying eyes)
 Behold the Lord in glozy on the skies,
 With all his heavenly Angells in that place,
 Smiling with ioy to see his cherefull face.

Both King and Kesar every one must die,
 The stoutest heart the sting of death must trie,
 The Rich, the Poore, the Aged, and the Yoke,
 When sickle comes each flower then doth fade.

When World farewell, I see all is but vaine,
 From dust I came, to dust I must againe,
 No humane pomps our life from death can stay,
 When time is come we must forthwith away.

For worldly pleasure is but vauitie,
 None can redeme this life from death I see,
 Nor Cresus wealth, nor Alexanders fame,
 Nor Sampsons strength that could deathes fury tame.

Our Father Adam he for sin did fall,
 Which brought destruction present on vs all;
 But heavenly Father thou thy Sonne didst send,
 As to redeme his dearest blood did spend.

Farewell deere Wife and my soun Children small
 For I must goe when as the Lord doth call:
 The Glasse is run, my time is past away,
 The trumpe doth sound, I can no longer stay.

Nothing but one I in this world doe crave,
 That is, to bring my Corpes dead to the grave;
 And Angells shall my Soule in safetie keepe,
 Whilst that my Bodie in the grave doth sleepe.

The Bells most sweetly ringing doe I heare,
 And now sterne death with speed approacheth neare,
 But the Bell tolling doe I heare at last,
 Sweet Lord receive my Soule when death is past.

FINIS.

Thomas Byll.

The Soules Petition at Heauen Gate; 320.
Or, the Second Part of the Clerke of West-Felton, being Thomas Byll.
To the same Tune.



181.

O God which framedst both the earth and skye,
With sp'rd gine ears vnto my wefull crye,
Receiue my soule with thee for to remaine,
In Angells blisse, where thou O Lord dost reigne.

Though I against thy Lawes rebelled haue,
For my rebellion Lord I merrie craue,
Remit my finnes though I haue don amisse,
For Iesus sake take me into true blisse.

Where loyes are enuoyes without an end,
And heavenly Quiersters the time both spend,
In singing Hymnes and praises to the Lord,
Lifting by heart and voice with one accord.

O, what a comfort is it for to see
The sacred Face of such a Quierster,
As thou O God, amongst thy Angells bright,
The which no mortall can behold with sight.

Call me not Lord out from before that face,
But with thy Saints grant me a dwelling place,
And from thy Throne, O Lord doe not expell
My soule, but grant that it with thee may dwell.

Let me with David beg to keepe a house,
In that his Court, where loyes are enuoyes,
In Abrahams bosome Father let me sit,
Call not my soule into the fierie pit.

Continue me not in thy punished tre,
For merrie grant O Lord I thee desire,
And though I haue offended haue by sinne,
Wash not the face, but let me enter in.

I must confesse I thus offended haue,
And am not worthy pardon for to craue,
But now with thee all mercy is alone,
To whom my soule for mercy now is come.

Take pittie then O Lord for Iesus sake,
Into thy Tabernacle my soule take:
Remember how thy Soules for us hath dyed,
And for my sake deethes pious did abide.

We is the key the gate for to unlock,
He makes me entrance when my soule doth knock,
Into repentant soules he promise gave,
That they with him a place in Heauen should haue.

Then open vnto me O Lord thy Gate,
Where thou as King dost raigne in high estate,
Confound me not with them that wicked are,
But in thy mercies let me haue a share.

Deale not in iudice with my soule O Lord,
For thou a heauie sentence thou'lt alowd;
If weill soules should haue their due desert,
In Hell should flame they should for ever smart.

Grant that my soule may enter in true blisse,
Condemne me not though I haue don amisse,
But let my soule with heavenly Angells sing,
And joyfully to thee my Lord and King.

For there are loyes which ever shall endure,
The waters sweet of Life flow there most pure,
Where shall no worldly cares our minds molest,
But there shall we remaine in trust rest.

Which bliss inheritance O Lord I pray,
Gine to each Christian in thy righteous way;
Grant that we all may gaine felicitie,
In Heauen to dwell above the harrie skie.

FINIS.

London printed for Henry Gossen.